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From the Knickerbocker.

MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

The spirit of the Tempest shook

His wings of raven hue.

Above the sea, and hollow winds

Howled o'er the waters blue.

Up rose the mountain pillows high,

And swept a stormy path;

Darkness and terror mingled there

Their ministry of wrath.

A lonely bark, by bounding seas

Tossed wildly in the fro.

Dashed o'er the billows foaming low

To fearful depths below.

Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spars.

Brake o'er the leaning side,

And left the bark a shattered wreck,

The stormy waves to ride.

The steady seaman struggled hard

To hold the yielding helm,

And keep the ship's prow to the surge,

That threatened to overwhelm

Ant when he plunging rain spumed

Their impotent怒,

They flew to drown their fears

In the treasured bount.

Upon the rising ocean then

Helpless was left the bark

To the wild mercy of the waves,

Amidst the tempest dark.

Upon the deck, alone, there stood!

A man of courage high;

A hero, from whose breast fear

Had never drawn a right.

With folded arms, erect he stood,

His countenance was mild,—

And calmly gazing on the scene,

He buried his hand amid.

A wild shock from the calm one—

Up rushed his human heart,

With looks direful, surmiser,

She trembled at his sight.

"O why, my love, upon thy life!"

She cried, "both play that snare,

When all is gloom and terror here,

And I must weep the while?"

No w<sup>o</sup>! of the warrior spirit he

Drew from beneath his vest

A power bright, and planted its point

Against her heaving breast.

She started not, nor shrank in dread;

As she had shrieked before;

But stood unmoved, and surveyed

Her tranquil features yet.

"Now why," he asked, "didst thou not start?

May not the blood be spilt?"

With sweet compunction she replied,

"My husband holds the hit!"

"Dost wonder, then, that I am calm?

That shake in my form?

I never can tell while I know

My God directs the storm!"

"No sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel!"  
"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"  
"Yes, sah,—you know Mass Billy? he used  
to lib at di mouf' Cedar crick—he done now  
now do—keeps monsous nice tavun now, I tell  
you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Sah; you stop dah dis ebuein; I spee;  
all spectable gentlemen put up dah. You chaw  
baekah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for  
you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee sah; Quash my  
name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah, at your service. Och," grunted  
the delighted African, "dis is nice; he better an  
green riber; tankee, sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of gentleman is  
Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice man, sah, monsous nice man;—  
emperain gemplemen in de fus stile, and I take  
care of the hauses. I longe to him, and do I  
say it, Mas Billa mighty celebber man;—he suny  
too—tell heep o' storie bout ghosts, and  
spirits, notwithstandin he fraid on'em, he sedo, and  
my pinipon."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller,  
musing. "Well go ahead Mr. Quash; as it is  
getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-  
night."

"Yes, sah; go up hoa! go long lively;" and  
sitting off at a brisk trot, followed by the trav-  
eller, the musical Quash again broke out in

Gwen down to shin-bone alley—

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up  
by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-  
field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his  
ears with some surprise; he continued however  
with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from  
the field

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, check-  
ing suddenly his horses and looking round on  
every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, sun-ball,  
it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, lead the  
way to the tavern without uttering another word.  
Halting before the door, the stranger was very  
soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon,  
a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his  
customer with

"Light, sir, light,—here, John! Quash!—  
never mind your umbrella, sir,—here, Quash,  
take off that rug—give me your whip, sir,—take  
off that trunk—walk in, sir,—John, take out  
that chair box—come in—and carry this horse  
to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a  
dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir; he's rather particular a-  
bout his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and  
tend to him well—I always like to see horses  
well tended, and this is a noble critur, too,"  
continued the landlord, slapping him on the  
back.

"Take care, will you?" said the horse.

"What, the d—l!" exclaimed the landlord,  
starting back.

"None of your familiarity," said the horse,  
looking spitefully around at the astonished tav-  
ern keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller, car-  
rying the animal; and turning to the landlord,  
he observed—"You must excuse him, sir; he's  
rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of edu-  
cation, sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo-ho, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash;  
what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

"Come landbord," said Belzebub, "I want my  
oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up in-  
to the porch, and the traveller was fain to  
jump into his vehicle and drive round in search  
of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his  
satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned  
to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all ap-  
parently young chickens in them—the landlord  
was in confusion at such a mortifying circum-  
stance, and promised the traveller amends from  
a cold pig which he inserted the carving  
knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which  
was responded to by a louder one from the land-  
lord. Down went the knife and fork, and the  
cold perspiration began to grow in large beads  
upon the forehead of the poor landlord as he  
stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his atten-  
tion was soon taken, however, by voices from  
without, calling—

"Hilton! house! landlord!"

"Aye, aye; coming, gentlemen—more trav-  
ellers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen—here, John, a light—  
bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the  
gentleman,"—and out the landlord bounced, fol-  
lowed by John with lights; but soon returned  
with a look of disappointment; he declared  
there was no living being without. The voices  
called again; and the landlord after going out  
returned a second time declaring his belief that  
the whole plantation was haunted that night by  
evil spirits.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening,  
a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely  
pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated  
near the foot of a mountain, in one of the  
western states. A little in advance of him, a  
negro, returning from plough, was singing the  
favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Gwen down to shin-bone ally,

Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Hallo!—uncle!  
—you!—snow-ball?"

"Sah?" said blacky, holding up his hor-  
ses.

"Is that the Half-way House ahead yon-  
der?"

The stranger presently arose from the table  
and drew his chair to the fire, having made a  
pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young  
porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith Mr. Billy Lemon  
slept with the Bible under his head, and kept a  
candle burning in his chamber till morning; and  
those who pass there, to this day, may upon  
close examination discover the heels of old  
horse shoes peering above the door casement,  
as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all  
other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in  
the morning, mis host proceeded to make out  
his bill—

"Mr. J. S. Kenworthy,

The same Mr. Kenworthy, was recently a  
passenger on board the steamboat Columbia, from  
Norfolk to Washington City, when the violent  
alteration took place in one of the berths, between  
three or four different individuals, for  
precedence. He is said to be something of a  
wag, and withal one of the most accomplished  
ventriloquists of the present day.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

...  
A Police Sea Robber.

We often read of extremely polite and  
gentlemanly highwaymen, who rob with such mar-  
velous courtesy, that a man can hardly feel it in  
his heart to withhold his purse, or ought his  
goods and chattles that he may chance to have  
about him. But it is quite otherwise with your  
sea robbers, *alias* pirates, who are represented  
as a most brutal and unfeeling set, who have not  
the least dash of politeness about them, to re-  
deem their characters from unmitigated odium.

Such being their general reputation, it is with  
no slight feeling of relief that we read the ac-  
count of so polished and courteous a villain, as  
the one described below. It is extracted from  
the "Adventurers of a Wanderer." He had  
shipped at New Orleans, on board of the Governor  
Griswold, bound to Havana and Liverpool,  
as steward.

We got (says he) under way, and proceeded  
down the river until we came to a place called  
the English Turn, when a boat, manned by  
twelve or fourteen men, came off from the shore,  
and when they had arrived within hail, they  
called to us, and asked if we wanted a pilot.—  
The captain answered, "No;" whereupon, the  
man in the stern of the boat ordered one of the  
men to throw him a rope. The rope was then  
handed him, and it being made fast to the boat  
he came alongside. He ascended the ladder,  
and came on board with all his men excepting  
four, who remained in the boat. The captain  
of the *Desperadoes* was a tall man, dark com-  
plexioned, terrible in aspect. His eyes were  
black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman,  
and he wore a huge pair of sabre mustachios.

His men were a ferocious looking band, hardy  
and sun burnt. He saluted the captain in a  
courteous manner, and was profuse in compli-  
ments.

Men, who wore long, red Indian stockings,  
red caps, and were armed with pistols and  
knives, sauntered carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where  
he was bound; he answered correctly, "To  
Liverpool, via Havana."

Our captain then cut short our interrogation  
of the pirate, by saying, "I know your busi-  
ness."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and asked  
them what sort of usage they had received  
since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little  
grog."

The pirate then called for the steward. I  
made my appearance. "Have you plenty of  
pots on board?" inquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that  
bucket," said he "and carry it down the fore-  
castle, for the men to drink." I took up the  
bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the  
bath, and filled it with liquor. I then took it  
forward to the forecastle, where the men received  
it and conveyed it below. As soon as the  
crew had got below, and were assembled around  
the bucket, the pirate placed two of his  
men upon the scuttle to prevent any of the crew  
from coming on deck, while he with two of his  
gang stuck close to the captain and mate.

"Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down  
and invite all your passengers to come on deck." I  
did as was ordered. Our passengers were  
a lady and two small children, and a gentleman  
who had been engaged in teaching a school in  
New Orleans, but having received a letter pur-  
porting that the death of a near relation had left  
him heir to a large fortune, and embarked for  
his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck—the eggs had all  
apparently young chickens in them—the landlord  
was in confusion at such a mortifying circum-  
stance, and promised the traveller amends from  
a cold pig which he inserted the carving  
knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which  
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